Inspection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/1219507.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Gamagoori Ira/Mankanshoku Mako
Characters:	Gamagoori Ira, Mankanshoku Mako, Matoi Ryuuko
Additional Tags:	Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-02-22 Words: 1,502 Chapters: 1/1

Inspection

by kiryuinsisters

Summary

Gamagoori Ira has developed a sudden interest in the wellbeing of the No-Star students, asking Mankanshoku Mako to escort him around the place on their day off. But is an inspection all he had in mind?

Notes

My contribution to an amazing pairing that needs way more attention - enjoy!

“Mako honey, wake up! You’ve got a visitor!”

Mako threw back her sheets and scrambled out of bed, headed straight for her wardrobe. Had she made the mistake of thinking it was Sunday and slept straight through the start of school? That was the only reason for someone to visit that Mako could think of. Someone from the Disciplinary Committee had come to scold her – maybe even Gamagoori-senpai himself.

Squirming into her uniform as she ran, Mako tossed open the door. Sure enough, the head of the Disciplinary Committee was outside and waiting for her. Ryuuko was already up and armed, brandishing her scissor blade in only her pyjamas.

“It’s a Sunday morning, dammit!” Ryuuko took one hand off the hilt to rub the bags under her eyes. “Does you torment extend to the weekends too?” Mako frowned. So it was Sunday after all.

“At ease, Matoi! Lady Satsuki has no business with you for now. This morning I am here for a different purpose.”

“Ugh, spit it out then.” Ryuuko was overtired and even more irritable than usual.

“As a member of the Student Council’s Elite Four, the wellbeing of Honnouji academy’s students is my top priority! Routine checks must be done in order to make sure even our No-Stars are happy and healthy so they can continue to do their best in class.”

Ryuko dug her scissor blade into the ground and leant forward against the hilt. She gave a loud yawn, not bothering to cover her mouth. “Yeah? So what?”

Gamagoori thrust a finger at Mako. “Mankanshoku Mako! As a resident of the No-Star district, I have a favour to ask of you! I am unaccustomed to these surroundings, and so will need an escort for the day!”

“Like we care. Go find some other damn escort.” Ryuuko pulled her blade out of the ground and turned her back on Gamagoori. “Come on Mako, let’s go back to bed.”

“Ryuuko! Don’t be a meanie!” Mako crossed her arms and pouted. “Gamagoori-senpai has come all the way down here just to ask for my help!”

Ryuuko gave her a dismissive wave as she walked back inside. “Fine. Do whatever you want.”

“Alright then!” Mako saluted Gamagoori, puffing her chest out. “Mako-chan will show senpai everything we No-Stars have to offer!”

Gamagoori smirked. “Your spirit is admirable as always, Mankanshoku! Now, to the car! There’s not a minute to waste!”

****

“So this is No-Star cuisine…”

Gamagoori stooped inside the shabby stall, frowning down at his bowl. He prodded at the contents with a solitary chopstick. Mako was showing no such restraint, gulping her food down as fast as she could manage.

“Habe you neber hab ramem, sembai?” Mako mumbled through a mouthful of egg. Gamagoori lifted the bowl up and stared deep into the broth, treating it more like a lost kitten on the side of the road than breakfast.

“We have cuisine from all around the world prepared for us by the Cooking Club! Yet this one is unfamiliar…” He gave the bowl a few cautious sniffs. “But if it’s good enough for our No-Star students, then it’s good enough for me!”

Gamagoori ploughed into his food, setting a pace almost matching Mako’s. Other customers shuffled away from the pair as they ate, holding their hands upto shield themselves from stray noodles. They slammed their bowls on the counter in unison, wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands.

“Hmm… Average at best!” The ramen chef leant backwards as Gamagoori’s presence filled the stall. “Utterly unremarkable! But despite this, I quite enjoyed it. Is this a feature of No-Star food?”

“Don’t be silly, senpai,” Mako giggled. “It’s because everything tastes better when you’re with friends!”

“Is that so…” Gamagoori pulled out his wallet and placed a handful of notes on the counter. “Then it seems I have already learnt something today! Thank you, Mankanshoku.”

“Yay! Mako-chan is here to help!” Mako stood up on her chair and pumped a fist into the sky. “So where to next?”

****

“Our largest size, sir.” The boy pushed a box across the counter to Gamagoori. “Though if you don’t mind my saying I still doubt they’ll fit you…”

“Nonsense! A man who is the perfect fit for Head of the Disciplinary Committee is a perfect fit for anything!” Gamagoori crammed his feet into the bowling shoes, his face contorting in pain. Mako crouched on the floor, watching the stiches in the shoe pop out one by one.

“Gamagoori-senpai! You’re going to hurt yourself!”

“There is no need to worry, Mankanshoku! I have faced pain much worse than this!” He tied the laces of each shoe, finishing each one with a dramatic flourish. “I have made it my duty to examine the No-Star living quarters, and that does not exclude their recreational facilities!”

Going done to their seats, Mako took a bowling ball off the rack and stepped up to the lane marker. She licked her pointer finger and held it up in the air, pulling concentration faces.

Both hands on the ball, she squatted down low to the ground and wiggled her rear like a cat getting ready to pounce.

“H-Hurry up and bowl, Mankanshoku!” Gamagoori had turned his head away, a slight crimson running over his face. Mako hurled the ball down the lane, just off to the right of the centre pin. The others tumbled behind it, giving her a solid score of seven. Her second bar knocked over the remaining pins for a spare.

“Setting the bar high, Mako! Impressive!” Gamagoori picked up his own ball, tossing it up and down as if it were a basketballer. “But don’t think I will go easy on you just because this is a leisurely game! Gamagoori Ira gives his all to everything he does!”

Gamagoori pitched the ball down the alley, knocking over all the pins and dashing them to pieces in the process. The bowling ball came to a rest in the back wall of the lane, lodged in the plasterboard. He jutted his chin in the air victoriously. Mako gaped in awe, eyes twinkling.

“Gamagoori-senpai, your feet!” The shoes were at breaking point, trembling from the effort of holding themselves together. With one last pop the top halves of the shoes flew into the air, shooting down the lane into the back wall as well. They jutted out on either side of the bowling ball, surrounded by a web of cracks.

“It seems the bowling alley is no match for my might! Come, Mako! Let us go examine elsewhere!”

****

Mako and Gamagoori sat on the very edge of the town, looking out over the water. Their feet dangled off the edge, the mist curling around their ankles. The sun was setting and their day together was almost done.

“So what are we doing here, Gamagoori-senpai? Are we going to test the water? Catch some mist?” Mako put a thoughtful finger on her cheek. “I wonder if my butterfly net would work…”

“Actually Mankanshoku, I have a confession to make.” Gamagoori let out a deep sigh, the first that Mako had ever heard from the man. “Today may have been less about my concern for Honnouji’s No-Star students and more about… personal reasons.”

“What do you mean?” Mako swung her legs back and forth, looking up at Gamagoori.

“This inspection was just an excuse. An excuse… to spend time with you, Mankanshoku.” Gamagoori looked off into the distance, unable to meet Mako’s eyes. Mako paused for a moment, collecting her words.

“Well, did you have fun?”

“Have fun? I, err…” Gamagoori blushed, playing with his hands. “Yes. I did have fun.”

Mako grinned. “I had fun too, Gamagoori-senpai. So it’s alright, isn’t it?”

“Y-You did?”

“Of course!” Mako giggled as she looked down into the water. “In fact, Mako-chan wouldn’t mind if we did this again sometime.”

“I-Is that so…” Gamagoori cleared his throat as he stood up. “Then as part of my ongoing commitment to care for the students of Honnouji Academy, I promise to come back and make sure we yet again have nothing but fun times together!”

“That sounds good to me,” Mako beamed. Gamagoori hopped back in his car, face glowing red.

“Your parents are probably worried about you, Mankanshoku. I will take you home so you can get a good night’s rest and be up early and prepared for the school day!”

“Oh no! Mako-chan is going to miss out on croquettes for dinner!” Mako jumped in the passenger seat of the car, rubbing her arms. “It’s getting cold out too…”

“That is no good! I can’t have you getting sick on my watch!” Gamagoori reached into the back seat and grabbed his fleece jacket from the raid trip, tossing it onto Mako’s lap. Mako put the jacket on, wrapping the oversized sleeves around her knees as she curled up. She closed her eyes, letting herself drift off into a light sleep. Gamagoori sighed affectionately, putting the car in gear and heading off down the road.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!